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CONTENTS.

BIOGRAPHY OF A NEW ENGLAND CLERGYMAN—REV. JACOB
BAILLY.
MRS. COLIN MACKENZIE'S LIFE IN INDIA.
AN ETHNOGRAPHICAL LIBRARY.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.—A Day in the New York Crystal
Palace, and How to Make the Most of It—The Poetical
Works of George Herbert—The Poetical Works of
James Thomson—The Works of Joseph Addison—His-
tory of the Insurrection in China—Anecdotes of Paint-
ers, Engravers, Sculptors, and Architects, and Curious-
ities of Art—Sunrise and Sunset—Outlines of Scripture
Geography and History—Light on the Dark River; or,
Memorials of Mrs. Henrietta A. L. Hamlin—City Archi-
tecture; or, Designs for Dwelling Houses, Stores, Ho-
tels, &c.—The Czar and the Sultan; or, Nicholas and
Abdul Medjid.

POETRY.—Lines, by Jerome A. Mabey—Blindness, by Jo-
seph Brennan, Esq.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

LITERARY AFFAIRS OF THE JEWS.

SOLITARY IMPRISONMENT IN FRANCE.

ANCIENT SONG OF THE COPENHAGEN WATCHMEN.

THE JAPAN SQUADRON—THE BONIN ISLANDS.

CORRESPONDENCE.—Philadelphia Philosophical Society—
Academy of Natural Sciences—Historical Society—Dr.
Breckenridge.

MISCELLANY AND CORRESP.—Frederick Cooper, Esq., and the
Nineveh Excavations—From Hoboken—Lord Bacon's
Seat at Verulam—The late Colonel Hawker—Mr. Dela-
tre's new work on the French Language, in its relation
with the Sanscrit—Lamartine—Theodore Hook—Value
of a Plough among the Caffres—Poets' Perquisites in
France.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

ETHNOGRAPHICAL LIBRARY.

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LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY OF A NEW ENGLAND CLERGYMAN
—THE REV. JACOB BAILEY.*

THE Rev. Jacob Bailey was born at Rowley, a town on the north-eastern border of Massachusetts, in the year 1731. His parents were in humble circumstances, but, with the aid of the village clergyman, were enabled to give their son a school education sufficient for his matriculation in Harvard College, which he entered in 1751. Before following him further in his career, we shall give some extracts from the reminiscences preserved in his journals of the habits prevailing in the village in which his early years were passed. His description is evidently somewhat heightened by his love of humor, but is, no doubt, in the main, a faithful picture of rustic life in the ruder portions of New England:—

ROWLEYANA.

"When I had completed my tenth year, I found myself an inhabitant of a place remarkable for ignorance, narrowness of mind, and bigotry.

"An uniform method of thinking and acting prevailed, and nothing could be more criminal than for one person to be more learned, religious, or polite, than another. For instance, if one happened to make advances in knowledge beyond his neighbors, he was immediately looked upon as an odd, unaccountable fellow, was shunned by every company, and left to drink his mug of flip alone on lecture-day night. He was sure to draw upon him the contempt and ridicule of the other sex, and always became the banter of the young females, not only at the frolic and dance, but at the washing tub and spinning wheel.

"Whenever a person began to make a figure in religion, or had the boldness to be more virtuous than his companions, he instantly drew upon him the envy of the old professors, who branded him with the odious names of upstart, hypocrite, and new-light.

"As for all politeness and every kind of civility, except what their great grandfathers taught them, it was esteemed a crying sin. Thus I have known a boy whipped for saying Sir to his father, when he came from school,—a young fellow severely reprimanded for drinking a health,—and a very pretty girl obliged to live a virgin ten years, for once preferring a gentleman to a plough jogger, and for saluting every body with a courtesy. The old people were so tenacious of the customs of their ancestors, that no consideration could prevail upon them to vary in the minutest instance. This stupid exactness might be discovered in the field, at home, at the tavern, and even in the meeting-house. Every man planted as many acres of Indian corn, and sowed the same number with rye; he ploughed with as many oxen, hoed it as often, and gathered in his crops on the same day with his grandfather. With regard to his family, he salted down the same quantity of beef and pork, wore the same kind of stockings, and at table, sat and said grace with his wife and children around him, just as his predecessors had done before him.

"At the tavern the same regulation obtained, where it was esteemed impious to venture, except on a training or lecture-day. Upon the former occasion, the good man always bought a piece of sweet cake for his spouse, and a roll of ginger-bread for each of his children; upon the latter, you might see the

fathers of families flocking from the house of devotion, with a becoming gravity in their countenances, to the house of flip.

"The young sparks assemble in the evening to divert themselves, when, after two or three horse-laughs at some passage in the sermon, they proceed in the following manner. They send for an old negro, who presently makes his appearance with the parish fiddle; part of the head of it is broken, it is glued together in several places with rosin, has three strings, &c. Now the music begins, which instantly inspires the youths, who lead out the willing fair to mingle in the dance. They hold this violent exercise, till sweat and fatigue oblige them to desist. In this interval, one is despatched to the tavern for a dram, which revives their spirits till midnight, when they separate. They have one excellent custom here, and that is, their constant attendance on public worship. Upon the ringing of the bell on Sundays, every one repairs to the meeting-house, and behaves with tolerable decency till prayers are over. As to singing, the greatest part have renounced their prejudices to what is called the new way, but others continue to place such sanctity in a few old tunes, that they either hang down their heads in silence, or run out of the meeting-house, while their neighbors are singing one of a more modern composition.

"When the sermon begins, every one has the privilege of growing drowsy; about the middle, many catch a nod, and several sleep quietly during the application. These honest people would esteem it a great hardship if they were denied the privilege of taking a nap once a week in their meeting-house.

"Thus, at the age of ten, I found myself among these people, without any education, without money; and to increase my misfortune, I was bashful to the extremest degree.

"This disposition had taken such a possession of me, that I was even afraid to walk the streets in open daylight; and frequently, when I have been sent abroad in the neighborhood of an errand, I have gone a mile about through fields and bushes. A female was the most dreadful sight I could possibly behold, and till I was eighteen I never had courage to speak in their presence. Whenever I had the misfortune to meet one of these animals in the street, I immediately climbed over the fence, and lay obscured till she passed along. And, if a young woman happened to come into the room where I was sitting, I was seized with a trembling; but if she spake, my confusion was so great, that it was a long time before I could recover. But these difficulties, instead of abating my thirst for knowledge, or lessening my unbounded desire for travel, only served as so many incitements to these acquisitions."

An entry in his college journal is also interesting as a picture of social usages:—

A CAMBRIDGE WEDDING IN 1754.

"Under date of January 19, 1753, he gives an account of the marriage of a daughter of a pious and orthodox New England clergyman in a country town. 'After the ceremony was past,' says he, 'dinner was prepared, but first I waited upon the gentry with a bowl of lemon punch. * * * About the coming on of the evening, the younger sort, to the number of about fifty, repaired to the western chamber, where we spent the evening in singing, dancing, and wooing the widow.'

"The festivities appear to have been renewed at the clergyman's house the next day, when several young people assembled. Mr. Bailey says: 'Having saluted the bride, we spent our time, some in dancing, the others in playing cards, for the space of two hours. * * * After dinner, we young people repaired to our chamber, where we spent the

day in plays, such as singing, dancing, wooing the widow, playing cards, box, &c.'

On the recommendation of his friend and early benefactor, the Rev. Mr. Jewitt, the clergyman at Rowley, whose means were not sufficient to bear the whole burden of the young student's maintenance, we next hear of Mr. Bailey making a short tour in search of aid. This was followed by a longer journey into Connecticut, apparently without other object than that of seeing the country. A few extracts from his brief journals will be found amusing:—

WRENTHAM.

"A pretty, plain, country town; one or two very neat buildings; one meeting-house, and a very good road through the greatest part of it. After we had rode about an hour, we came into Attleborough, and at length passed by Parson Weld's, where we had a view of his numerous file of daughters, out of a chamber window they were in. We made some stop, afterwards, at one Parson Clark's. The people begin now to appear in a sylvan roughness; the women in these parts wear but little more clothing than what nature gave them."

PROVIDENCE

Is a very growing and flourishing place, and the finest in New England. Here is one meeting-house, one church, one Quaker, and one New-Light house for divine worship. The inhabitants of the place, in general, are very immoral, licentious, and profane, and exceeding famous for contempt of the Sabbath. Gaming, gunning, horse-racing, and the like, are as common on that day as on any other. Persons of all professions countenance such practices. From Providence we rode over a fine plain to Pawtuxet.

PAWTUXET

Is a pretty, compact place, built upon a small river, over which is a very good bridge. From Pawtuxet, we rode through a long, desert country, in which we saw but a very few people, and they almost as rough as the trees. In riding through a great wood, we came, at length, to a house about the bigness of a hogsty. The hut abounded in children, who came abroad to stare at us in great swarms, but were clothed only with a piece of cloth about the middle, blacker than the ground on which they trod. Miss Nabby began to wonder that the poor creatures did not wholly abandon themselves to sorrow and despair; but I told her I made no doubt they enjoyed themselves as much in their savage condition, as she in all her elegance and plenty.

"We spent some time, as we rode along, in reflecting upon the unhappy circumstances of these people, and upon the different genius and inclinations of the human mind. At length, being very dry, we came to another house, where we lit, and coming in, found five or six women in a little room without any floor, either over head or under foot. Two or three of them appeared to be young. One of the young wenches made haste to draw us some water, while another made search for a drinking vessel, and the last gave us water in an old broken mug, almost as ancient as time, of which we drank very sparingly. After we had rode a few miles further, we came to Major Stafford's: his daughter came to wait upon us (after absconding for about two minutes), barefooted and barelegged, with a fine patch and a silver knot on her head, with a snuff box in one hand, and a pinch at her nose in the other. She afforded abundance of amusement for my polite companions, which stuck by us longer than anything we met with in our journey. This Stafford's is in Warwick, about fifty seven miles from Boston."

* Collections of the Protestant Episcopal Historical Society, vol. 2. The Frontier Missionary: a Memoir of the Life of Jacob Bailey, A.M., with Illustrations, Notes, and Appendix, by William S. Bartlett, A.M., Rector of St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, Mass. Stanford & Swords.

"From Stafford's we proceeded to Wolcott's, just above the edge of Greenwich.

"At Wolcott's, where we put up in the evening, we were much interrupted by the townspeople coming in, cursing and swearing, and drinking, but at supper time we had a room by ourselves, and enjoyed freedom of conversation, which turned chiefly upon the affairs of the preceding day. Our supper afforded us some amusement, it being fried chickens and currant sauce, sweetened with molasses; but nothing so much diverted us as the Major's daughter.

"STONINGTON

Is in the south-east part of Connecticut. It is bounded on the north by Preston, on the east by the Narraganset River, on the south by the Atlantic Ocean, and on the west by Groton. It is so called, from the great abundance of stones found here. The roads here were formerly almost impassable, but by reason of their being, for the most part, movable, it continually grows better. The town is all under improvement, and divided into stately farms. Here are four large parishes. Having got into Stonington, we came into the borders of Groton, of all places the most horrid and shocking. After we had rode about four miles, over a prodigious continuation of rocky mountains, we ascended upwards for some time, till at length we began to descend, and came to a smooth place, as we thought, at the bottom of the hill over which we rode; but coming to the end, we found before us a most horrible precipice, encumbered on every side with impenetrable thickets. The road we had to pass was excessive steep, over one entire chain of rocks, which descended like a winding pair of stairs, having the steps at an enormous distance from each other. Mr. Brown and his sister got out of the chair, and I dismounted for their assistance. Having fastened my horse, one took hold of the chair and the other of the horse, and with a vast deal of trouble, having followed the path which led to almost every point of the compass, we came to the bottom in safety; but bringing down my horse, he had like to have broken his neck. After this, we rode by a Quaker meeting-house, then by a Presbyterian, and at length, about half after eight o'clock, we came to the ferry, and thus, after a tedious journey of four days, we arrived in New London. The roads were so excessively bad, that we were four hours and a half in riding the last eight miles.

MOHEGAN.

"July 22d. This town is about three miles square, lying in the north-east corner of New London. It has in it two hundred or three hundred Indians, who live in almost the primitive mode, and many of them cannot speak a word of English.

"As an instance of the prodigious plenty in these parts, last year, I shall mention a short story my landlord told me, viz.: A man in his near neighborhood, having buried upwards of eighty bushels of potatoes last fall, made proclamation in the spring, that if any person would be at the trouble of digging them up, he should have them all for his reward, but nobody appeared to undertake it, which is not only an instance of great plenty, but also of the wealthy circumstances of the people in town.

WETHERSFIELD.

"July 23d.—This paradise is seated on the western bank of Connecticut River, on an extended plain, gradually rising from the first range of squares, and reaching two or three miles each way, contains a vast number of the neatest buildings in America. The main street is most curiously levelled, and runs from north

to south, as straight as a mathematical line, in the midst of which there is a meeting-house of the oddest form. On the eastern side, between the buildings, and among a beautiful range of orchards, lay a ravishing continuation of gardens. The western head forms the front of several most elegant squares, all richly occupied with gardens and little fields of onions. But it is impossible for my tongue to utter, or my pen to describe the beauties of this place. In short, the town, by reason of its vast variety of squares, cut into most elegant forms, and decorated with the profusion of nature and art, the neatness and beauty of its edifices, and, lastly, by reason of the most delightful scenes and ravishing prospects, opening themselves to view on every hand, may well be thought to equal, if not to exceed, those blooming fields where the first and only happy pair of human kind confessed the gentlest passion, and united in the softest embrace."

Jacob Bailey graduated at Harvard in 1755. He then devoted himself to theological studies and school-keeping. In the latter calling he does not appear to have met with much success; but in 1758 we find him at Exeter, delivering his "approbation" sermon among the Congregationalists:—

"Here," says he, "I found Mr. Merrill, Mr. Parker, Pike, and others, who came with an expectation of hearing my approbation discourse. However, it was with the greatest difficulty I was prevailed upon to overcome my bashful humor so far as to read my discourse. When I had finished, I had the satisfaction to find it well received, and accordingly, after dinner, they gave me an approbation to preach the gospel."

We shortly after find in Mr. Bailey's journals, among records of sermons delivered by him in various meeting-houses, a mention of his taking the part of Octavian in an amateur performance of the play of "The Scapin," at "Mrs. Woodman's," in his native town of Rowley, and also of his dancing, playing cards, and taking his share of bowls of "beverage." On these and similar entries his biographer remarks:—

"It is not intended here to speak in detail of the religious character of that portion of the last century, which is now under notice. But it is confidently believed that the piety of Mr. Bailey was as deep and genuine as that of most other church members and ministers of the time. That a religious man, and more than all, a minister, should in these, our days, play cards, engage in private theatricals, drink wine and punch, and occasionally dance, would destroy his influence, and subject him to discipline. But the very fact that these things were then done without any concealment, and with no apparent consciousness of their impropriety, shows, in the absence of all other proof, that public opinion on these matters was different then. And we have other evidence to satisfy us that this view is correct. At this time it must be remembered that Mr. Bailey preached for Orthodox ministers and congregations, and no exception was taken to practices which must have been known.

"The Plymouth Deacon" was under some apprehensions lest Mr. Bailey should be a North Shore man, an appellation for Arminians; but the time had not then arrived for inquiring the minister's views on Total Abstinence; being satisfied whether he knew how many cards there were in a pack, or knowing whether he had ever worn the sock or buskin. These were evidently trivial things in the eyes of that generation. That the latter part of the Lord's day should be desecrated by the noise and sports of children in the public street, and near Forefathers' Rock, 'frightened not the

town from its propriety.' Church members and officers were too much intent on metaphysical questions, to concern themselves much with the works by which, as the Scriptures assure us, a true faith may be discerned."

In 1759, we find, from the following letter, that he had become a convert to Episcopacy:—

"GLOUCESTER, Sept. 24th, 1759.

"To REV. MR. CANER, in Boston.

"Rev. Sir: I take this opportunity to return you my grateful acknowledgments for the favor you have done me in lending me 'Potter upon Church Government.' I have carefully perused it with Bennet's Abridgment, and find all the objections against Episcopal ordination and conformity to the Church of England, answered entirely to my satisfaction. I would still entreat your advice, and should highly esteem the favor of receiving from you any further directions."

He shortly afterwards visited England for the purpose of being admitted to the ministry. He returned, after a sojourn of a few weeks, with an appointment from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel to the missionary station at Pownalborough, in the thinly-settled region of the Kennebec river.

He commenced his labors here July 1st, 1760. In 1762, he states that the number of communicants is above fifty. In 1770, the church and parsonage were completed. The missionary had to contend, like all the early Episcopal clergymen in New England, with the bitter prejudices of the Puritans. An individual, charitably concealed by the biographer under the initial M., seems to have been especially prominent among the persecutors of this class. Mr. Bailey says:—

"As I presently found that M. still professed himself a Dissenter, I seldom entered into any controversy with him about our different persuasions, and he as cautiously avoided beginning any dispute with me. He used sometimes to attend Divine Service, but more frequently tarried at home, and when he attended, commonly behaved with a great deal of irreverence, especially at prayers. * * * I had, presently, sufficient evidence that he used all his endeavors to prejudice the minds of the people against the services of the Church, that he condemned several parts as directly contrary to Scripture, and made an open ridicule of others which he was not able to confute. And when I received a number of Common Prayer Books from the Society, he took the liberty to scratch out several sentences in all that he could procure to his hands. * * * From the beginning, as I have already observed, he was very negligent in his attendance upon public worship, and when present, he generally behaved with great indecency, contriving, by a multitude of boyish tricks, to make the women smile; and sometimes he has taken a primer instead of a Prayer Book, and read out of it with an audible voice. M. was always extremely industrious in procuring from Boston, and other places, all the little, dirty pieces that have appeared against the Church of England, especially 'The Dissenting Gentleman's Answer to Mr. White's three Letters,' the very title of which affrighted simple people from the Church, and prevented them from attending the service. These books he used to recommend and put into the hands of all disaffected persons. * * * Many low, dirty, and scandalous remarks have been written by this gentleman, both in the great Bible and Common Prayer Book, used in Divine service. Instead of money, M. used often put into the contribution box, soap, scraps of paper, news letters, and once a pack of cards."

Mr. Bailey, like many of the Episcopal clergy, took part with the mother country in the Revolutionary struggle. This, of course, rendered him very obnoxious to his parishioners. The following extracts illustrate the history of the period:—

"Several people, in the fervor and wantonness of their zeal, proposed that the minister should be conducted by a sufficient military force from his habitation to the pole, and there be obliged to consecrate this exalted monument of freedom: others, indeed, were so modest as to oppose the motion, and when it was committed to the common suffrage, it was carried in the negative by a trifling majority only. * * * Immediately after this distinguishing event, nearly one-half of the congregation withdrew from the church, the minister was stigmatized as a mortal enemy to his country for neglecting to observe a thanksgiving appointed by the Provincial Congress, though the very persons who were loudest in their exclamations certainly knew that he had received no information time enough to give public notice.

"My Presbyterian neighbors were so zealous for the good of their country that they killed seven of my sheep out of twelve, and shot a fine heifer as she was feeding in my pasture, and my necessities were so great in the following winter that I was obliged to dispose of the remainder of my cattle except one cow. The next spring, as I was endeavoring to cultivate a garden spot, which I had prepared from a rocky wilderness, with great labor and expense, the leaders immediately began to interrupt my honest endeavors for the support of my family. They daily threatened that prodigious numbers of people were assembling in the adjacent settlements to put down the Church and to burn my habitation over my head."

"Oct. 28th.—Before the Committee for not reading the Declaration of Independence, for praying for the King, and for preaching a seditious sermon."

"In a letter written some time after this to the secretary of the Venerable Society, Mr. Bailey says: 'In the universal confusion, tumult, and destruction, which prevailed in the beginning of the war, many persons were driven by the impulses of fear to act against both conscience and inclination. On the one hand, we were assaulted by armed multitudes, pouring out torrents of reproach and execration, and threatening to make us the victims of their vengeance. On the other, we were besieged by the entreaties and tears of our friends to practise a little compliance (which, by the way, only made our enemies the fiercer), while we were confidently told that our brethren in other parts had fully yielded to the requisitions of Congress and the spirit of the times. I had myself all these difficulties to encounter. In particular, the Sunday after the news of the Declaration of Independence arrived, for besides the ravings and menaces of the wild sons of freedom, the more moderate of the same character assured me that every clergyman had both omitted all prayers for His Majesty, and published the Declaration of Independence, while my real friends earnestly besought me to prevent the destruction of our Church. I still refused, answering them that we must conscientiously perform our duty, and leave the Church to the protection of Heaven, and that if all my brethren had departed from their integrity, I could never think myself excused from blame by following their example. I will observe, that though I had then courage to resist, yet perhaps my fortitude at another time might have failed."

Mr. Bailey's ministrations being constantly interrupted, and his personal safety endangered, even after he had submitted to the

Revolutionary government, it is not perhaps to be wondered at that he applied for and obtained leave to withdraw to Nova Scotia in 1778. His income from his parish had been cut off, and he was entirely dependent on the charity of friends here and there for support. His cheerfulness, however, never seems to have deserted him, and he thus humorously describes his appearance, on a visit to Boston, during this period:—

"I then repaired to Mr. Domett's, and was kindly received by that worthy and benevolent couple. They no sooner perceived the poverty and uncouthness of my apparel, than they contributed towards a reparation, and furnished me with a handsome coat, jacket, and breeches. My dress before this recruit was as follows: an old rusty thread-bare black coat, which had been turned, and the button-holes worked with thread almost white, with a number of breaches about the elbows; a jacket of the same, much fractured about the button-holes; and hanging loose, occasioned by the leanness of my carcass, which was at this time greatly emaciated by the constant exercise of temperance; a pair of breeches, constructed of coarse bed-tick, of a dirty yellow color, and so uncoat (*sic*) as to suffer several repairs, in particular, a perpendicular patch upon each knee, of a different complexion from the original piece; a pair of blue thick-seamed stockings, well adapted to exclude the extreme heat of the season; a hat with many holes in the brim, adorned with much darning in other places, of a decent medium between black and white. My wig was called white in better days, but now resembled in color an old greasy bed blanket; the curls, alas! had long since departed, and the locks hung lank, deformed, and clammy about my neck, while the shrinking curl left both my ears exposed to public view. But the generous Mr. Parker soon made me a present of a very elegant wig, which, though it might not furnish my brain with an addition of wisdom, yet certainly enabled me to show my head with greater confidence."

The missionary did not leave his field of labor until June, 1779. His voyage from Pownalborough to Halifax is described at some length in a journal from his own pen, which forms one of the most agreeable portions of the volume. It is principally occupied with descriptions of the scenery of the coast along which the little schooner skirted, and with reflections on the character of the people with whom he had parted. The following description of the appearance presented by the prominent members of the party, on their arrival at Halifax, is a capital bit of humorous writing:—

"I that moment discovered among the gathering crowd Mr. Kitson, one of our Kennebec neighbors, running down the street to our assistance. He came instantly on board, and, after mutual salutations, helped us on shore. Thus, just a fortnight after we left our own beloved habitation, we found ourselves landed in a strange country, destitute of money, clothing, dwelling, or furniture, and wholly uncertain what countenance or protection we might obtain from the governing powers. Mr. Kitson kindly offered to conduct us either to Mr. Brown's or Capt. Callahan's; and, just as we had quitted our vessel, Mr. Moody, formerly clerk to the King's Chapel, appeared to welcome our arrival. But as it may afford some diversion to the courteous reader, I will suspend my narration a few moments to describe the singularity of our apparel, and the order of our procession through the streets, which were surprisingly contrasted by the elegant dresses of the gentlemen and ladies we happened to meet in our lengthy ambula-

tion. And here I am confoundedly at a loss where to begin, whether with Capt. Smith or myself, but as he was a faithful pilot to this haven of repose, I conclude it is no more than gratitude and complaisance to give him the preference. He was clothed in a long swinging threadbare coat, and the rest of his habit displayed the venerable signatures of antiquity, both in the form and materials. His hat carried a long peak before, exactly perpendicular to the longitude of his aquiline nose. On the right hand of this sleek commander shuffled along your very humble servant, having his feet adorned with a pair of shoes, which sustained the marks of rebellion and independence. My legs were covered with a thick pair of blue woollen stockings, which had been so often mended and darned by the fingers of frugality, that scarce an atom of the original remained. My breeches, which just concealed the shame of my nakedness, had formerly been black, but the color being worn out by age, nothing remained but a rusty gray, bespattered with lint and bedaubed with pitch. Over a coarse tow and linen shirt, manufactured in the looms of sedition, I sustained a coat and waistcoat of the same dandy gray russet; and, to secrete from public inspection the innumerable rents, holes, and deformities, which time and misfortunes had wrought in these ragged and weather-beaten garments, I was furnished with a blue surtout, fretted at the elbows, worn at the button-holes, and stained with a variety of tints, so that it might truly be styled a coat of many colors; and to render this external department of my habit still more conspicuous and worthy of observation, the waist descended below my knees, and the skirts hung dangling about my heels; and to complete the whole, a jaundice-colored wig, devoid of curls, was shaded by the remnants of a rusty beaver, its monstrous brim replete with notches and furrows, and grown linsy by the alternate inflictions of storm and sunshine, lopped over my shoulders, and obscured a face meagre with famine and wrinkled with solicitude. My consort and niece came lagging behind at a little distance, the former arrayed in a ragged baize night-gown tied round her middle with a woollen string instead of a sash; the latter carried upon her back the tattered remains of an hemlock-colored linsey-woolsey, and both their heads were adorned with bonnets composed of black moth-eaten stuff, almost devoured with the teeth of time. I forgot to mention the admirable figure of their petticoats, jagged at the bottom, distinguished by a multitude of fissures, and curiously drabbed in the mud, for an heavy rain was now beginning to set in. And to close this solemn procession, Dr. Mayer and our faithful John marched along in all the pride of poverty and majesty of rags and patches, which exhibited the various dyes of the rainbow. The Doctor proceeded with a yellow bushy beard, grinning all the way, while his broad Dutch face opened at his mouth from ear to ear. The other continued his progression with a doleful solemnity of countenance, as if he designed to give a kind of dignity to the wretched fragments of his apparel which floated in the wind. In this manner our procession began, and was supported till we arrived at Captain Callahan's, near half a mile from the place of our landing."

Mr. Bailey was, soon after his arrival, established in the parish of Cornwallis, where he remained about two years. From this place he was called to St. Luke's, Annapolis, where the remaining twenty-five years of his life were passed. He died of a dropsy, July 26, 1808, in his seventy-sixth year.

Mr. Bartlet has executed his task of biographer with great diligence and in excellent taste. He has not attempted to exalt a man of ordinary merits and abilities into a great

hero. He has presented a faithful picture, illustrating an important portion of our history in a simple, dignified, and truthful manner.

This work forms the second volume of the "Collections of the Protestant Episcopal Historical Society." It is not for sale, but as the annual subscription, entitling the subscriber to a copy of all works published by the Society during the year, is but two dollars, it is readily accessible to the public. We trust that this, and kindred Historical Societies established by other religious bodies in imitation of its plan, may be as eminently successful as they are eminently useful.

MRS. COLIN MACKENZIE'S LIFE IN INDIA.*

THE Mission, the Camp, and the Zenana, in other words, Christianity, War, and Polygamy, are the topics distributed—they cannot, of course, well be reconciled—in Mrs. Colin Mackenzie's two volumes. This lady is the wife of a distinguished officer in the East India military service, Captain Mackenzie being a name well known in the operations in Northern India. He was one of the heroes of the Afghan campaigns, and his position and character bring himself and his journal writing lady into frequent contact with the higher powers of the eastern world, civil, military, or native. The journal extends over a period of six years' residence in India, and is in the form of simple jottings, or sketches of daily events, sent home to the writer's family and friends. It is, consequently, desultory and fragmentary, giving, especially to readers on this side of the water, bits of information where the finished information would be more desirable. In England readers are more familiar with Indian campaigns and heroes, and may enter readily into the spirit of Mrs. Mackenzie's military gossip and scandal. All fighting men are by no means heroes in her eyes; and she will be found occasionally to censure even the courage and discretion of military movements, while the reckless, worldly character of the soldier *per se* finds no mercy at her hands. The Christian sentiments of Mrs. Mackenzie contrast oddly with the zest of the fighting operations which figure inevitably in the diary of the captain's lady. The Zenana, or pictures of the Eastern harem, are reconciled to the reader by that touch of curiosity which makes the whole world of man or womanhood kin.

A word concerning the peculiar force of Mrs. Mackenzie's religious sentiments, and we pass on to a few extracts from her miscellaneous pages. It is of the ultra religious stamp, requiring a declaration of faith and doctrine at every turn. With this class of persons every conversation must unfold the Christian scheme, as they understand it, and no sermon can be worthy of the name which does not embrace the whole body of their favorite theology. That we are not writing without witness, let one passage, out of many of a kindred spirit, testify. Mrs. Mackenzie has been reading—per journal—one Sunday a sermon of Robert Hall, to the entry of which fact she appends this spiritual comment: "It appears to me that Robert Hall was a Christian of remarkable talent, more than of remarkable piety or spirituality"—than which we have met with few more uncharitable opinions in a pretty extensive range of critical reading.

*Life in the Mission, the Camp, and the Zenana, or Six Years in India, by Mrs. Colin Mackenzie. 2 vols. Redfield.

The journal sets out well at the beginning. The sea voyage to India is very spirited, with such incidents and scraps of conversation as the following:—

SIR JAMES STEPHEN.

"Major M. also told us of an interview he had had with Sir James Stephen. Shortly after his return from Van Diemen's Land, he was requested to call at the Colonial Office, in order to give the results of his observations and experience in that colony. Sir James Stephen received him most blandly, then leaning back in his chair, he folded his hands, half closed his eyes, and gave utterance to a series of various apothegms and reflections, perfectly true and extremely well expressed, for the space of an hour and a half. He then rose, blandly thanked the astonished Major M. for his valuable information, and bowed him out of the room, without having allowed him to utter a sentence."

A MRS. MALAPROP.

"I am in daily fear of becoming a gossip; the fear, I hope, will preserve me from danger;—one day one hears of a quarrel between two black-bearded passengers, because one helped the other too largely to rice-pudding—another day a queen's officer is riotous, and all the young ladies peep behind the jalousies to see what is the matter; then 'Miss A. has been so spiteful to Miss B.'—Miss C. won't sit any longer beside Dr. D., because she thinks him very rude—Miss E. talks too much to Captain F., and takes pet because Mrs. H. kindly tells her of it:—and so every day brings forth its small quota of pettiness. A lady paid me a visit the other day, and spent the whole time in talking to my maid about the character of their mutual acquaintance. She often makes me laugh. I told her the other night we were going south, which, said I, is very good—'I am sure, madam,' she answered, 'I don't know—I am not an alligator,' meaning navigator."

MATERIAL OF AN ARMY.

"Speaking of one of the soldiers' wives, the boatswain told my husband he had had his eye upon her ever since she came on board, and that he considered her one of the most respectable women in the ship; that he had often seen her in the galley, 'where,' said the honest man, 'those brutes of recruits, who are neither soldiers nor sailors, nor anything else that I know of, insult her in every possible way, but that she never answered a word, and made the best of everything.' It is impossible to describe what she has suffered from the soldiers, it is really a shame to call such wretches by so honorable a name. I never saw such faces except when we visited Newgate, and C. says, in all his experience he never saw such a collection of the very refuse of society. One of the other women spoke, with tears in her eyes, of the insults she had to endure, and the vile language she had to hear, although she is in a little cabin, and not, like the former, in the very midst of the horde; they have a special spite at the latter, because she takes up a little 'space' in their overcrowded barracks."

DRINKING LADIES.

"I must mention one thing which truly has no connexion with the foregoing. It is the quantity of wine most of the ladies drink. One young bride of twenty takes pure brandy in large quantities, and even well-behaved, lady-like young girls take more wine than C. does. A glass at lunch, two or three at dinner, with beer, and a glass of negus at night, is scandalous, yet this seems to be a general practice on board passenger ships; but surely this habit must have been begun at home. I no longer wonder at foreigners reproaching us with it. It strikes me more now from seeing the temperance of the Germans."

The method of travel in India has been often described—most of its peculiar incidents may be picked out of Mrs. Mackenzie's diary. A continuous description gives us a better chance for quotation. The scene is at Delhi, and is the always interesting incident of a marriage ceremony.

A HINDU BRIDAL PROCESSION.

"Mr. Roberts is an excellent guide, for he takes an interest in, and understands, everything, and there is, beside, something so frank and pleasant about him, that we felt as if we had known him for years."

"After all our fatigues poor Mr. Roberts had to go to a Hindu wedding. He could not avoid it, as the Rajah, who gave the feast, and whose little brother of ten years old is the bridegroom, had sent us the pair of horses, which took us from Sadler Jang's tomb."

"Tuesday, Feb. 16th, 1847.—Mr. Roberts brought home divers chains of tinsel ribbon, with false stones, and a little bottle of attar from the feast. The Rajah bewailed the trouble and expense of the marriage ceremonies, both of which are very great. The entertainments last eight or nine days, or rather nights, at the end of which the bridegroom is conducted in state to visit the bride, who in the present instance is a little girl of seven years old. The ceremony is indissoluble, but the bride is not brought home to her husband's house for six or eight years more, though, if he die in the interim, she is considered a widow, and prohibited from marrying again, a custom productive of a thousand evil consequences, and of great hardship to the poor girl. Mr. Roberts asked the Rajah why he did not break through the custom he lamented, of lavishing so much money on the ceremony. His answer was just the reason given all the world over for most of the foolish and extravagant acts committed: 'Oh,' said he, 'So-and-so spent so much money on the marriage of his son or brother, and if I did not do the same I should be considered stingy.' The procession is to take place this evening."

"About five o'clock we drove to a house in the Chandi Chouk, belonging to one of the native sub-collectors, a Mussulman, who had prepared seats for us, whence we could see everything. The Chandi Chouk is a double street, and divided down the middle by a stone watercourse, the edges of which were crowded with people. The procession was down the side furthest from us, and, turning at the top of this immense street, it paraded before the bride's house, which was a little way above us, and then came close under our windows. It was more than a mile long! The balconies and flat roofs of the houses, which are generally low, were covered with people; here was a variegated group of men and children, there a bevy of shrouded Muhammadan women, the first I have seen; and the appearance of the crowd was that of a bed of tulips."

"Just as we had seated ourselves numbers of empty palkis were passing, then a crowd of Tonjona, some empty, and some with one or two children in them. Many of these were gorgeously dressed, in brocade or velvet, with Greek caps of gold and silver, and some of them were borne by four men in scarlet, and attended by a man on each side, with Chouries of the tail of the Yak or Thibet ox, to keep the flies off. All the friends of the bridegroom's family do him as much honor as they can, by sending their led horses, elephants, vehicles of every description, and their children richly dressed, to form part of the procession. The ladies of the king's harem were there in bullock carts with scarlet hangings to see the show. His majesty had also sent his guards, and his camels carried small swivel cannon, which were fired at intervals. The led horses formed a very picturesque fea-

ture in the procession; some of them were painted; a white one had his legs and tail dyed red with henna, and splashes of the same on his body, as if a bloody hand had been repeatedly laid on his side. Then came a whole body of men clothed like soldiers at the Rajah's expense, with a band that was executing a Scotch melody. Then appeared a whole tribe of magnificent elephants, their faces elaborately painted in curious patterns, and gaily caparisoned in scarlet, green, and other bright colors.

"On a small baby elephant, most richly adorned, sat a little boy, with an aigrette of jewels in the front of his turban. His dress was a robe of lilac gauze, edged with gold, reaching to his feet, and most carefully spread out, fan-wise, on each side, as he sat astride on his elephant. Then came the little bridegroom, who was a mass of gold. He sat alone in his howdah, with a careful servant behind him; his turban was covered with a veil of gold tissue, which he held up with both hands, that he might see all that was going on. Bearers of peacock fans, and others with gold pillars, walked by him, while his elephant was as splendid as he could be. A few other elephants closed the procession, the beginning of which now passed under our windows on its return. It consisted of huge trays filled with artificial flowers, the effect of which was extremely pretty, like a parterre of gayest colors. Then there were moving pavilions, with beds of flowers in front of them, peacocks on the top, and bands of musicians inside. Such music! fancy flutes in hysterics, drums in a rage, violins screaming with passion, and penny trumpets distracted with pain, and you may have some idea of it. A crowd of women and boys of the poorest of the people then appeared, carrying little flags.

"Eastern processions are like Eastern life, they comprise the greatest contrasts of poverty and magnificence. They seem to think everything, no matter what, helps to make a show. After, and among the moving flower beds, came trays of huge dolls, and others of little puppets, one set of which represented a party of European officers at dinner, with their Knit-madgars waiting behind them. Another was a little regiment of soldiers, such as children play with at home. Suddenly the mob rushed in upon the bearers, and down went the trays; one snatched a great doll, which, in the struggle, had a leg pulled off; he seized the dismembered limb, twirled it round his head like a shillelah, and valiantly defended the rest of his prize with it. The trays were seen swaying about till they were torn in pieces, and the fortunate ones rejoiced in having got a bunch of flowers, or perchance a doll's limb. I believe they are stuffed with some kind of sweetmeat, and the people think it lucky to get any fragment of these trays, which are always given up to be scrambled for after they have passed the house of the bride. It was the first time I had seen the natives in a state of excitement, and I certainly thought they managed the scramble with much good humor, and nothing like the angry fighting that would have taken place in England on a similar occasion.

"After this appeared several Nach girls, splendidly dressed in red and gold, their muslin petticoats full of gathers, and very wide, and their long hair hanging down their backs, each carried on a canopied platform, by men. One of them was very handsome, but they stood in theatrical attitudes, beckoning, smiling, and joking with the populace, and had a boldness of manner most unpleasing in a woman. By this time it was dusk, and the blaze of torches opposite the bride's house was very pretty, as seen through the trees, of which there are a good many in the middle of the street. We returned to the carriage, and

drove to a spot opposite the house; the bridegroom soon arrived, and looked most brilliant by the glare of the torches. We watched him slowly entering the gateway, and which was immediately shut, reminding us strongly of Matt. xxv. 10. It was very interesting to see it."

Delhi is a favorite point with the author. It makes an excellent first impression.

DELHI.

"On our way hither we passed under the walls of the palace of Delhi, with two very fine gateways. The wall, instead of being a blank as ours generally are, is ornamented at the top with a sort of Vandyk scollop, which improves it greatly. The difference in the people, as we get up the country, is very remarkable. Here they are a fine athletic race of men, as tall as Europeans, and much fairer than the Bengalis; this accounts for the height of the Bengal Sepahis, none of whom are natives of Bengal Proper. Delhi strikes me as being the finest city we have yet seen. Benares is the most picturesque, being the most thoroughly Hindu. Agra has the most beautiful buildings, but Delhi is more like a great Muhammadan capital. We passed an immense tank of red stone, and several fine aqueducts, or raised stone canals, running through the city. The appearance of one of them, as it rolled its mass of waters under overshadowing trees for a great distance, was very beautiful. The turbans worn here are very small, and of the gayest colors; rose color seems a favorite hue."

A passing anecdote of

EASTERN DEFERENCE.

"Instead of arriving at Barhi, where we had arranged to pass the Sabbath, at one o'clock, A. M., on Sunday morning, we did not get there until one P. M. The view of the hills at dawn this morning was lovely, and the scenery continued beautiful the whole day. C. overheard some Palkis behind us, and asked our bearers if there were not two of them. They answered with the most subservient phraseology—"If it be your Lordship's pleasure," which he translated, "Your Excellency's *whip*," which is indeed the meaning of it—"there shall be two Palkis, or three, or even four." It is difficult to get a decided answer on any subject, for every native is accustomed to answer according to what he supposes to be the whim of his superior. For instance, a fine young traveller whom C. invited to join us, and who gladly did so as a protection against tigers, was walking on as cheerily as possible on Monday morning, after having marched about thirty-two miles, with his sword slung by a handkerchief over his left shoulder, and a little red bag held daintily between his finger and thumb. He is the confidential servant of a neighboring Rajah, who gives him five rupees a month, and was going to visit his family about two miles off the high road. He told us all his family were alive, and the bag contained a great number of bracelets of various colors, which are only to be had at the place he was coming from, and which he was taking to his female relatives. C. asked him if he was tired,—he said, "Not a bit." C. remarked that he was a strong young fellow. He looked much gratified, and answered,—"By your Lordship's permission, I am a strong young fellow." He willingly accepted some tracts; so did a poor Brahman, whom we saw yesterday morning on his way to Jagarnath—he was sick, so we gave him a homœopathic dose, which he gladly took."

As a lady observer, Mrs. Mackenzie has equal tact and opportunity of observation; and her occasional sketches of such matters as dress and household economy are always

noticeable. At Loodiana we have this costume picture of

AFGHAN LADIES.

"Thursday morning, O. Mrs. I. and I were at breakfast when Muhammad Hasan Khan's ladies arrived. They came together in a close palki, not muffled up, and one of Hasan Khan's retainers carefully shut the doors after them. One was young and pretty, with a very sweet mouth, something like Lizzy's, only fuller lips; she had very lively, bright, expressive, large dark eyes, tinged with antimony, beautiful white teeth, with rosy lips, a color in her cheek, and a complexion not darker than a Spaniard's or Italian's. She wore a little skull cap, embroidered by herself in gold and silver braid; her front hair in little thin curls pasted on her forehead, the rest of her tresses hanging behind in two plaits. She had a sort of loose shirt of rose-colored satin reaching to the hips, with full sleeves and fastened at the throat, very wide green satin trousers, so full that they looked like a petticoat, and a row of silver bangles six inches deep on each arm finished by a gold one, silver chains round her neck, pretty gold earrings something like the Genoese filagree, but the top of each ear disfigured and made to hang over by the weight of half a dozen large gold rings. She had a crescent-shaped ornament of enamels and pearls (over the left eyebrow) and a little pearl thing like an earring top stuck in one nostril. She wore a large yellow gauze veil, and the palms of her hands were stained with henna. Her companion was older, with handsome features, though rather too much marked. She was dressed in the same manner, except that she had no cap, and the bosom of her purple satin tunic was covered on each side with half rupee pieces, put on just like military medals, close to each other. The veil was deep red, bordered with gold, and like the other's, large enough to envelop her whole person. She is the mother of a beautiful little girl, Hasan Khan's only living child. He has lost four, two boys and two girls. They were very affectionate and lively in manner, and we got on very well, especially after Mrs. Rudolph came over to interpret. And it was evident that Hasan Khan gossips with his wives of everything he sees or hears. They inquired what relation Mrs. I. was to my husband, and whether I had any sister, and thought it very sad that she should be in England when I was here. I showed them different pieces of work, which they admired. We looked at each other's dress; they examined my rings and hands, seemingly surprised that they were not stained. At last, each gently took hold of the skirt of my gown, pulled it up a little way, and seemed to marvel at the corded petticoat; that they then raised a very little, and, on seeing my under garments, cried, approvingly, "Ah!" I never was more amused."

As the reader may naturally desire to peep into Mrs. Mackenzie's Zenanas, we take one of many passages on this topic, which may go far to confirm the view of the matter to be derived from the last Mormon manifesto on "Celestial Wifery," intended for this refractory system of slavery:—

THE HAREM.

"Loodiana, May 26th, 1847.—The hot weather has now so completely set in, that for the last month I have never left the house save before seven A. M., and after seven in the evening. From my frequent visits to Hasan Khan's family, where I can go when it is cool, I see, as you may suppose, a good deal of 'Life in the Harem,' and would undertake to refute, authoritatively, as I always felt inclined to do on *prima facie* grounds, the fine theories of Mr. Urquhart regarding the superior happiness of Muhammadan women. What can a

man know of the matter? Did he go about visiting in the form of an old woman? Had he friends and acquaintances in half a dozen Zenanas? Would any Musalmani woman speak freely to a Feringhi, even if he did obtain speech with her? or are the Turks to be taken as competent and impartial witnesses as to the relative happiness of their wives? It is presumption for him ever to talk of a Musalmani's feelings: I will flap him out of the field with the end of a purdah. I do not think their secluded life makes them objects of pity. They are hardly more devoid of excitement than I am myself; they see their female friends and their dearest male relations, and the tie between brother and sister seems to be very strongly felt by them; but it is not in human nature to be content with being only the fourth part of a man's wife. They are far from viewing the matter as we do, and I should suppose Hasan Khan's Zenana a favorable specimen, as both Leila Bibi and Bibi Ji seem very good-tempered, and very friendly to one another. Still, as no man can love two or more women equally, and as no woman can bear that another should share her husband's affections, I plainly see there are heart-burnings innumerable, even in this family. Leila Bibi is the favorite; she is a very pretty, merry, clever little creature, who laughs and talks with Hasan Khan much as an English wife would do. He is evidently very fond of her, but he takes not the smallest notice of poor Bibi Ji, who says nothing, but has an expression sometimes in her face which pains me to see. Luckily for her, she does not seem at all a sensible person; she is a good, warm-hearted creature, who is very much obliged for any little kindness, but not very bright. But then she has a little girl, and Leila Bibi, who has been married four years, has none. It is the old story of Hannah and Peninnah over again: the one is so anxious for children, and the other indirectly boasts of hers, by always talking of children and pitying people who have none.

Given, a very slight knowledge of human nature, and we may penetrate the closely veiled walls of seraglios, and economically save our curiosity the expense of a journey to the East. Selfishness and tyranny, disguise them as polished Orientals or crude Welsh Mormons may, will have the same result.

AN ETHNOGRAPHICAL LIBRARY.*

THIS is the first of a proposed series of treatises on the history of the different races of mankind, to be comprehended within the general title of the Ethnographical Library.

The present volume treats of the Papuans, a race of oriental negroes who are found chiefly in New Guinea, and more or less scattered among the islands of the Indian Archipelago, the Philippines, the Moluccas, Borneo, and others.

The Papuan resembles the African negro in the several characteristics of color and moral and physical organization, and moreover in destiny, becoming the slave of the Malay trader and pirate.

The author, partly from observation, but chiefly from the reports of the Dutch and English navigators, has given a very interesting and tolerably complete account of a people but hitherto little known. We have some details of interest in regard to their physical and moral characteristics, their mode of life, their habits, occupations, and amusements. The Papuans, though evidently of a

low type of organization, exhibit various degrees of position in the scale of humanity. While some are described as mild and inoffensive, and in a small degree capable of civilization, others are wild, untameable, and suspected of being cannibals. They have all certain characteristics in common. Their most striking peculiarity consists in their frizzled hair, which grows in small tufts, each of which keeps separate from the rest. The term Papuans comes from a Malay word signifying curly or crisped. They vary in size—some of them being large, while others, for example, the negritos of the Philippines, described by Gironière, are only four feet six inches in height—and in physical beauty, according to their mode of life. A singular custom prevails pretty generally among them, which consists of raising cicatrices upon various parts of their bodies, by cutting the skin and applying some earthy substance to the wound, which causes the flesh below to inflame and enlarge. The practice of boring the septum of the nose prevails among them. They place a roll of plaited leaf in the orifice, which enlarges it by its elasticity. Some of them file their teeth to a point like a saw. Red hair is in great esteem with some of the tribes, and they accordingly turn their naturally black locks into red, by means of a dye made of burnt coral and sea water. The Papuans are active and energetic, but incapable of organization, and thus fall a ready prey to the invader. They are averse to strangers, and relentless in their opposition to them. They are thus more apt to be exterminated than civilized by coming into contact with a superior race.

This volume, coming from the London house of Baillière, is illustrated with handsome colored lithographs, and well-executed maps, and is printed on good paper, and with clear type.

LITERATURE, BOOKS OF THE WEEK, ETC.

MOST properly to be mentioned among books of the week and the season is "*A Day in the New York Crystal Palace, and How to Make the Most of It*," by William C. Richards, just published by Putnam. With Mr. Richards' handiwork we are familiar, as the lawyers say, "of aforetime," in a popular Southern weekly, and more lately in the official Catalogue of the Palace, which he has edited. The present is a neat exposition of the Exposition; a plain-spoken and clean-fingered hand-book to accompany us through aisle, nave, and recess, up stairs and along galleries, among German, Belgian, French, British, Swiss, Danish, Austrian, West Indian, and American objects of interest. All this work it does well, in few words, with a clear statement of all essential facts, and a handsome margin of notes at the side of the page, to help the eye. It is an indispensable volume to all, both in and out of the Palace, who wish to know what has been done, and what is doing, at that general centre of observation—the New York House of Industry.

The Poetical Works of George Herbert. (Appletons).—An excellent edition of the most distinctive "religious poet" whom England has produced. There are true poetic fervors in his conceits, authentic as the loves of Cowley expended upon baser matters. The quaint, involved poems of Herbert, with implicit faith and piety, give meaning to the old pious phrase, the Marrow of Divinity. They are anything, frequently, but smooth

rhymes; but the most labored conceit is never without its significance. It is not the language of common life which we read, but the thoughts and principles when discovered—and the difficulty is more apparent than real—belong to the common life of us all. The well-proportioned series of poems, the Temple, was a posthumous publication; a secret of the author's heart revealed to the world, written with no thought of the world's applause. But, like all genuine voices, the world would take heed of it, and Herbert became the popular sacred classic of England. The Rev. Mr. Gilfillan, a dissenter, writes the life of this Church poet—with rather more fine writing and less of modest respect than we could wish for in such a case, and at times with a familiarity which jars upon us after the simple narrative of Izaak Walton, which is the best prelude to the Poems.

The Poetical Works of James Thomson. (Appletons).—Another volume of the Gilfillan series, entirely commendable in all the mechanical requisites of a good library book, large type, substantial paper, and neat, robust binding. The price, for the whole poetical works of Thomson, including the Castle of Indolence, Britannia, and other minor productions, is one dollar. The story of the "mutilated" first public reception of the Seasons is well noticed by the editor. "Very elegant poem," said the publisher, "but not in our line; too much description in it; a little wit would improve it; could not Mr. Thomson write something in the style of Pope or Gay?—that would be sure to take." The criticism of Gilfillan is brief, but to the point, and puts the reader upon a good understanding with the author.

The Works of Joseph Addison. Vol. I. (Putnam & Co.).—A new, and, as it is promised, a first complete edition of the writings of Addison, for whom English editors have done so little, though that little is much in comparison to the neglect under which the books and papers of his great companion, Sir Richard Steele, have been suffered to fall. It is to the credit of this American publishing house that the collection of Addison's miscellanies has been undertaken here without waiting for the new movement going on for the revival of the classic authors in England, and in which Thackeray's lectures seem of late to have led the way. Professor George W. Greene edits these five volumes of Addison. He has evidently entered upon the work with care and respect, desiring to present everything valuable in the labors of previous editors, and hand down the text of his author in its purest form. So, we are thankful for it, Addison is not to be Websterianized in orthography. In that respect, the edition of Hurd is to be followed. The Poems are now carefully collected and arranged; the comedy of "*The Drummer*" pairs off with the "*Cato*." We are to have the political essays by themselves; the papers of the "*Fatler*," "*Guardian*," and "*Speetator*," and a collection, from several sources, of the author's letters. The Travels on the Continent, we presume, are to form part of the collection. To the whole is prefixed the genial and animated picture of the author's career, by Macaulay. In style this edition of Addison is uniform with Putnam's reprint of Prior's Goldsmith. The portrait, an old copper-plate copied in lithograph, is indifferently executed, and unworthy of the excellent typography of the book.

* The Ethnographical Library, conducted by Edward Norris, Esq. Vol. I. The Native Races of the Indian Archipelago: Papuans. By George Windsor Earl. London, Baillière.

History of the Insurrection in China; by MM. Caillery and Yvan; translated from the French, by John Oxenford.—(Harpers.) Dr. Yvan is one of the most agreeable of travellers, as every reader of *Blackwood* knows, in which magazine his journeyings by sea and land have been faithfully followed, always with delight to the reader. A Frenchman has the art of extracting from his observations the available and the entertaining, leaving the rubbish, through which an English writer has often to clear his way, somewhere out of his books. Probably a tendency to exaggeration is the offset to this pleasant quality; but some decoration is quite allowable where savages and semi-civilized people are to be brought into view, as in the explorations of Dr. Yvan. As a traveller, he is to be ranked with M. Hue (the humorous Tartar missionary), and M. Gironniere, the adventurous naturalist. His account of China has been much quoted in the newspapers, and this full presentation of his views, in a moderately-sized volume, will be read with interest.

Anecdotes of Painters, Engravers, Sculptors, and Architects, and Curiosities of Art, by Shearjashub Spooner.—(G. P. Putnam & Co.) Artists are a pleasant class of men to associate with and to read about, their comparatively secluded lives tending to develop their idiosyncrasies, and to separate them from many of the ordinary commonplaces of life. Artistic biography, from Cimabue to Haydon, is uniformly interesting, and, extending over every civilized age and nation, affords a fine field for the anecdote collector. Dr. Spooner is an enthusiast in these matters, and has given us three volumes of entertaining stories, which at the same time convey much valuable information concerning great artists and great works.

Sunrise and Sunset: a True Tale; by Helen F. Parker.—(Auburn: Derby & Miller.) A well-written story, the scene of which is laid in New York. The plot, said to be founded on fact, is worked out skilfully, and the narrative, though confined to a narrow compass, contains many pleasant passages descriptive of natural scenery and eccentric character.

Outlines of Scripture Geography and History; illustrating the historical portions of the Old and New Testaments: designed for the use of Schools and Private Families. By Edward Hughes, F.R.S., &c.—(Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea.) This work is well adapted to its purpose, being clearly written, and systematically arranged. An account is given of the present as well as past condition of all the sacred localities, and the value of the volume is much enhanced by a chronological series of Maps, showing the political divisions of Palestine and the contiguous countries at various important eras.

Light on the Dark River; or Memorials of Mrs. Henrietta A. L. Hamlin, Missionary in Turkey, by Margarette Woods Lawrence.—(Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.) The subject of this memoir was born in 1811, and died in 1850, at a post of missionary labor in Turkey. The record of her life shows that it was one of usefulness and self-denial. The narrative is somewhat ambitious in style. The simple facts of the holy life and happy death could have been left, with safety, to their own impressiveness.

City Architecture; or Designs for Dwelling Houses, Stores, Hotels, &c., in 20 plates,

with descriptions, and an Essay on the Principles of Design. By M. Field.—(G. P. Putnam & Co.) Mr. Field's Essay is correct in its principles of taste, and contains many excellent suggestions. His designs are mostly in the Italian style—some are good, others heavy in effect. His hotels, and other large buildings, are better than his dwelling houses.

The Czar and the Sultan; or Nicholas and Abdul Medjid: their Private Lives and Public Actions; by Adrian Gilson. To which is added, *The Turks in Europe, their Rise and Decadence*. By Francis Bouvet.—(Harper & Brothers.) A translation of a very pleasant little French book, containing the information which everybody wants just at this period. An afternoon cannot be better or more agreeably passed than in its perusal. A fair estimate is given of the character of Nicholas.

POETRY.

LINES.*

BY JEROME A. MABBY.

Oh, when around my cherished inner things,
The flower and fruitage of my mind and heart,
A strangeness, brought by time, too closely elings,
And I am trembling lest their life depart,
What gracious might is thine, what kindly art.

For teachings, then, of animated stress,
Speak from that face—sublimely browed and eyed—

As though a friend, in angel tenderness,
With rarest ministry should seek my side,
And freshen bloom and rind to newer pride!

Sure, for the soul's beliefs and seekings, dear!
Growths of inspirings God-awakened there,
That vivify and charm its being here,
How might their fulness lessen to the air,
Save for the dew and sunlight of thy care!

And, too, when comes a nameless, wild regret
For all unto me lost, or unfulfilled,
A fair joy, dead—a smiling hope, unmet—
Oh, in what true resignings art thou skilled,
Till sorrow to serenity is stilled.

The pages of great nature's pondered book—
Open by shining day or midnight starred—
Their mystic meanings mirrored in the look,
And to their secret voice their lips unbarred,
Of him, the Rydal dweller—Seer and Bard!

BLINDNESS.

FROM the *New Orleans Delta* we select this noble poem, by one of its editors, Joseph Brenan, Esq., with the introductory note which explains its origin. Mr. Brenan is one of "the escaped" from the late painful calamity in that great metropolis of the South; and has many friends, literary and personal, who will be pleased to learn that the light of day still shines for one who knows how to use it so well.

[NOTE PRELIMINARY.—The following poem is an attempt to give the first impressions and restless feelings of a man of ordinary intelligence, who has been suddenly struck blind by sickness or accident. I know not how successful I may have been in the treatment of the theme, but I did not take it up without some very bitter experience—as I have been little better than blind myself for over three long months. In fact, I was utterly

without sight for some weeks. I attribute my blindness entirely to the vigorous skill of the physician who attended me in yellow fever, and who, by the judicious use of medicine, enabled me to produce the following stanzas; which, if not good, are, at all events, the best I can write—though my Helicon is nothing less than unadulterated quinine!

As I have alluded to my loss of sight, which resulted from over-doses of a subtle and powerful poison, I may be allowed to mention how I regained it. I am indebted for my recovery—which, though not yet complete, is, in my estimation, almost a miracle of medicine—to Dr. Hunt, of this city, whose name is too high and bright upon the roll of science to gain additional lustre from any praise of mine. To him, under God, I owe that I can now hold a pen; to him I dedicate these lines, as it may afford him some pleasure to know how deep was the gloom which darkened all the prison from which his wonderful skill released me.]

I.

The golden shores of sunshine round me spreading,

Refuse a boon of light;
And fast my shattered soul is death-ward heading,

Wrecked on a sea of night!
There is no angry tempest flapping sun-ward
Its black wings through the air;
The ruin, in a calm, is hurried onward
Through channels of despair!

II.

Around me is a Darkness, omnipresent,
With boundless horror grim,
Descending from the zenith, ever crescent,
To the horizon's rim;
The golden stars, all charred and blackened
by it,
Are swept out, one by one;
My world is left, as if at Joshua's fiat—
A moonless Ajalon!

III.

How long, O Lord! I cry, in bitter anguish,
Must I be doomed alone—
A chained and blinded Samson—thus to languish,
In exile from the sun?
Or must I hope for evermore surrender,
And turn my eyes on high,
To find, instead of brave and azure splendor,
A black curse on the sky?

IV.

Alas! as time sees gathering round me deeper
The universal cloud,
I feel like some wild horror-stricken sleeper,
Who wakens in a shroud!
Like some poor wretch who closed his eyes at morning
Against the growing day,
And finds himself, without a prayer or warning,
A tenant of the clay!

V.

Farewell, farewell, spice-islands of my childhood,
Where I have lingered long—
Farewell the glories of the vale and wildwood,
The laughter and the song!
Farewell the sunny pleasures you inherit,
For I am drifting forth;
My helm deserted by my Guardian Spirit,
My prow unto the North!

VI.

Come nearer to me, Soother of my sorrow,
And place your hand in mine;
That my o'er-darkened soul shall, haply, borrow
A little light from thine;

* To my picture of Wordsworth.

That, bearing all which fortune has commanded,
Until my tortures end,
The Crusoe-land on which I may be stranded
Shall have, at least, a friend!

VII.

And read aloud some wisdom giving volume—
The work of olden hours—
In which the stately thoughts rise like a column
Crowned with Corinthian flowers—
In which the epic Greek moves solemn sound-
ing,
With hexametric sweep;
And every line has some fine pulse, bounding
With passion, grand and deep!

VIII.

Its rhythmas call up the sublime Auroral
Of the Hellenic name—
When monarchs snatched the scholar's wreath
of laurel,
As guerdon of their fame.
It brings you down a vista of proud faces,
To see, amid the trees,
Aspasia, blushing fond, as she embraces
Her stately Pericles!

IX.

So, haply listening to that fiery speaker,
Whose fancies overflow,
Like Chian wine within a slender beaker,
Which trembles to the glow—
You say, while catching visions wild and Vatic,
Which wing their way abroad
Amid an atmosphere of sense Socratic—
"Tis Plato or a god!"

X.

Or read to me once more that burning ballad,
Compact of passionate fire,
Which bright-eyed Sappho, fond, and fierce,
and pallid,
Swept from her sounding lyre—
That larger utterance of a glorious woman
The Palmyrene preserved,*
To show how like a frantic god's, the human
Spirit is subtly nerved!

XI.

Or rather read how Ajax prayed, when round
him
Were corpses cold and stark,
And plotting deities had closely bound him
In vapors, dim and dark—
Read how he prayed to Jove, with eager
passion,
To sweep away the night—
That he might meet his fate in hero fashion,
And perish in the light!

XII.

Since then, a greater hero fought and perished,
Within a silent room;
And, as our Goethe felt that all he cherished
Was sinking into gloom—
As, o'er his features stole the fatal pallor,
He looked above and cried—
In echo of that prayer of Grecian valor—
"More light, O Lord!" and died!†

XIII.

That cry is mine, my friend! but uttered
vainly—
The ear of Heav'n is deaf!
And I may persevere in prayer, insanely,
And win no true relief!
Close up the books—for grim and ghastly
darkness
Has settled over all—
My soul is wrapped for evermore in starkness,
Within this funeral pall!

* I allude to Sappho's burning love-poem—a portion of which has been preserved by Longinus. Most English readers are familiar with it, in Addison's translation.

† The dying words of Goethe were—"More light! More light!"—the sublimest death-utterance I am acquainted withal.

XIV.

Farewell, once more, spice-islands of my child-
hood
Where I have lingered long!
Farewell the glories of the vale and wildwood—
The laughter and the song!
Farewell the sunny pleasures you inherit—
For I am drifting forth;
My helm deserted by my Guardian Spirit,
My prow unto the North!

JOSEPH BRENNAN.

NEW ORLEANS, October 6th.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

(From the *London Examiner*, Oct. 15.)

THE energies of our sailors, directed in an unusual degree to the Arctic seas by the necessity of searching for any possible survivors of the Franklin expedition, have had valuable results. They have added much newly-found coast line to our charts, and have at last effected the long-talked of North-West passage. More properly perhaps we should say, one of the North-West passages; for there can be little doubt that many channels in the Arctic Archipelago link east and west together. On the other hand, it is doubtful whether such channels, blocked as they are with ice, are to be called passages at all.

It is now three years since Captain McClure had penetrated with his ship from Behring's Straits to an unknown coast which he named Prince Albert's Land; and there, having come in contact with Esquimaux who had never before seen white men, found shelter from great peril in a harbor which he called the Bay of Mery. From that Bay, parties travelling from Captain McClure's ship explored lines of coast which brought them into Barrow's Strait, and so settled the problem of the North-West passage. The date of that discovery is the 26th of October, 1850. Having achieved so much, the brave sailors were frozen in, and so have remained ever since. But it is most probable that now, as they have come into communication with the vessels on the other side, they will be content, after three years of fruitless endeavor to obtain the extrication of their own ship, to leave the timbers of the Investigator in the Bay of Mery, and return to England. Had they not been found by brother mariners, it is quite probable that Captain McClure and his companions would have had to be numbered with the heroes whom this country has lost among the Polar Seas.

The news brought home by Captain Inglefield after a four months' trip is in the highest degree interesting. It tells nothing of Franklin, but it includes incidents that suggest mournful possibilities. The ships now in the Arctic regions are all placed in difficult positions, but they have had communication with each other, and are as safe in the hands of skilled and brave men as we can have reason to expect. But against how many perils must the sailor battle in those northern latitudes! Rarely does a mariner return from them, who has not once, or more than once, escaped only by a hair's breadth from destruction. Captain Inglefield came home without his tender. His own vessel, nipped between ice-floes, was nearly lost with every soul on board. The stern was raised several feet, the quarterdeck was arched, rudder and screw were destroyed, one of the beams forward was sprung, and the port-bow partially stove. The salvation of the vessel was attributed mainly to the solid nature of the stowage in its hold. But for that, the crush it received would most likely

have been fatal. As it was, the ice easing off from the disabled vessel passed astern to the Breadalbane, which was then in tow. It passed through her starboard bow, and in fifteen minutes she went down in thirty fathoms of water, and the ice closed over her. There was barely time to bring the crew on board the *Phoenix*. Who can resist the mournful belief that some such catastrophe as this has been the fate of some at least of the brave countrymen we have now sought so long?

It is yet hardly probable that the whole missing expedition should so have been lost, and of course it is quite possible that there may exist survivors. At Point Warren, near the Mackenzie River, Captain McClure found Esquimaux who fled, expecting retribution, from the white men. They left only the chief, and his sick son; from whom it was ascertained that whites had come to them in a boat, and built a hut among them—and that, on the tribe killing one of the party, his companions had fled, they knew not whither. "Here," says Captain Inglefield, "is the probable position in which a boat-party, endeavoring to return by the Mackenzie, would have encamped."

Captain Inglefield remained at Beechey Island, in the hope of Sir Edward Belcher's arrival, two days longer than the ice master counselled him; whereupon, after quitting it, he was forced to run into a small newly-discovered harbor, named Port Graham, when so fierce was the gale that the ship drove with two anchors under the lee of a lofty hill. The same fury of the tempest filled the straits with such vast bodies of ice that for two days there was "not a spoonful of water" to be seen from the hill-top. Had the ship waited another day at Beechey Island, we must have waited till next year for our intelligence. As it was, she escaped through a crack by which nothing but a powerful steamer could have made her passage good.

It was Captain Kellett of the *Resolute*, who, wintering at Dealy Island, Melville Island, happily (through a travelling party) came into communication with Captain McClure and his companions in bondage. Captain Kellett, however, had encountered dangers of his own upon the war. His ship had grounded off Cape Colbourn; the ice had set down upon her, casting her over on her broadside; and she had escaped with the loss of sixty feet of her false keel.

And what of the gallant McClure, who by answering one of the most famous of our modern problems has now earned a lasting name? Need we say how complete in him is the great spirit, touching often on sublimity, by which our Arctic navigators have been characterized? A few words from his dispatches, written when it was very doubtful how they should reach their destination, will better display it than any words of ours. He wrote what follows two years ago:—

"It is my intention, if possible, to return to England this season, touching at Melville Island and Port Leopold, but should we not be again heard of, in all probability we shall have been carried into the Polar pack, or to the westward of Melville Island, in either of which to attempt to send succor would only be to increase the evil, as any ship that enters the Polar pack must be inevitably crushed; therefore a depot of provisions, or a ship at Winter Harbor, is the best and only certainty for the safety of the surviving crew."

Last April, he wrote this:—

"Should any of her Majesty's ships be sent for our relief, and we have quitted Port Leopold, a notice containing information of our route will be left at the door of the house on Whaler's Point, or on some conspicuous point; if, however, on the contrary, no intimation should be found of our having been there, it may be at once surmised that some fatal catastrophe has happened, either from being carried into the Polar Sea or smashed in Barrow's Straits, and no survivors left. If such should be the case, which, however, I will not anticipate, it will then be quite unnecessary to penetrate further westward for our relief, as by the period that any vessel could reach that port we must from want of provisions all have perished; in such a case I would submit that the officer may be directed to return, and by no means incur the danger of losing other lives in quest of those who will then be no more."

Such is the calm heroic feeling with which an English seaman sets about his duty.

Sir Edward Belcher, the commander of the Arctic forces, who is in Wellington Channel most directly on the supposed track of Franklin, does not appear to have been able to make much way, but by travelling parties he has added to, and corrected, the known lines of coast. He has in no instance, however, met with any traces of the missing expedition, which is in every ship regarded as the main object of search.

We have now to relate the saddest incident which these interesting letters have brought to us. It being desired to communicate with Sir Edward Belcher from the other vessels before Captain Inglefield returned to England, Captain Pullen sent a party over the ice to him with dispatches. No other leader being ready at the moment, Lieutenant Bellot, a young Frenchman who had distinguished himself greatly among his English comrades, by his courage, his cheerfulness, and his enthusiasm, undertook the charge of this expedition. He never returned. While standing on the summit of a hummock to make observations, he was struck by the fierce gale of the north, and hurled away into a crack upon the ice below. Two men who were with him narrowly escaped his fate. We of course hear without surprise that this calamity was felt as a personal grief and loss by all who were associated with Lieutenant Bellot. He was as gentle as he was brave, and died universally beloved. The magnetic observations made during the expedition he accompanied, were chiefly his; and remain as his legacy to science. But by the mere circumstances of his death, this young French officer has obtained rank with the men whose names Englishmen will remember through all ages with a generous emotion.

LITERARY AFFAIRS OF THE JEWS.

[From a Review of the past year in the London Hebrew Observer, from the pen of M. H. Breslau, Esq.]

THE general dearth in the field of Jewish literature in this country has been relieved by a few publications deserving notice. The "Word in Season," or "Hours of Devotion," by Mr. Israel Albu, chiefly of a homiletic tendency, has been well received by the public and the press. The indefatigable Mr. Edelman, who, at the close of the preceding year, published the "Paths of Good Men" from MSS. in the Bodleian Library, with an English translation by the writer of this retrospect, which publication has met with universal approval, has within this year brought

out the first part of a work entitled "Acceptable Words," or extracts from various unprinted works of eminent Hebrew authors, selected from ancient MSS. in public and private libraries, with notes illustrative of the text, and an introductory account of the lives and writings of the authors. The part already published contains many gems of Jewish literature, but it is to be regretted that the work, which is written in Hebrew, has not been accompanied by an English translation, thus confining its circulation and perusal to the few—"one in a city and two in a family"—who are able to read Hebrew and appreciate the merits of the work. The erudite Mr. Leopold Dukes, who has contributed more largely to the science of Jewish literature, and to critical researches into its antiquities, than any modern author, and who it may be said was, by his valuable contributions (which lasted for thirteen years) to the *Literaturblatt* of the "Orient," the great stimulator of those researches which distinguish the present era in the literature of the Hebrews, has just published, in addition to his numerous works, a brochure entitled "The Ancient River," a collection of many pearls, sparkling in the borders of the ocean of the poetry of the Moorish-Spanish Jews. The brochure is a precursor of further explorations on the same borders of the "ancient river," and, relying upon the taste and judgment of so eminent a literary connoisseur as Mr. Dukes, the production of interesting matter may be augured from the continued exercise of his prolific pen. The brochure has only been just received, and will, no doubt, meet with due attention at the hands of the Jewish press.

Nor must I omit recording a work in the press by Mr. Edelman, entitled, "The greatness of Saul" (שאול כנולת), a work of deep historical interest, being an elaborate and faithful biography of Saul Wahl, a man who was eminently distinguished for his learning, piety, benevolence, and the high position he occupied for a time in the administrative government of Poland, and of whose ancestry the highly respected family of the Samuels in this country may justly pride themselves.

The following facts are also worthy of record:—1st. That Mr. Dukes has, in the year now elapsing, been commissioned by the Trustees of the British Museum, with the writing of a catalogue of the Hebrew works in that great national institution. 2nd. That the talented and unassuming Mr. B. Goldberg, who, for the last fourteen months, has been occupied in transcribing ancient Hebrew and Arabic MSS. at the Bodleian Library, has been honored by the Royal Literary Society with a small grant to support him for a time in his literary labors. I believe this is the first instance on record of that society extending its bounty to a Jewish author. 3rd. Dr. Jacob Bernays, son of the late Isaac Bernays, the learned Chief Rabbi of Hamburg, has edited, in conjunction with the eminent author and statesman, the Chevalier Dr. Bunsen, Prussian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, the work of an ancient Greek author, with valuable and critical notes. Dr. Bernays is, though a very young man, distinguished for his classical attainments. He strictly adheres to the religion of his ancestors, and enjoys a high reputation at the University, of which he is so bright an ornament. 4th. Dr. Freund, formerly attached to the Gymnasium of Hirschberg, in Prussia, the author of the best Latin dictionary extant,

and who, it will be recollected, has been compelled, in consequence of the Prussian laws, to relinquish the academical chair, on account of his religion, has come to this country, where his great Lexicon is being translated and published by an eminent English firm, under his supervision, and it is gratifying to state that some amends were made to him by the Prussian Government, in honoring him with a mission to Switzerland, for the purpose of exploring some literary treasures.

An account of the Jews in Great Britain, written in a very amicable spirit, has been given in a work composed by Rev. J. Mills, which has been very favorably received. Dr. Benisch has, within this year, published his second part of the Bible translation, containing the first prophets. A Bible History for schools, under his editing, is in the press. An improved edition of Mr. S. Solomon's Hebrew Primer has also appeared. Dr. Van Oven, our talented co-religionist, has published a work on the "Decline of Life in Health and Disease;" and under this head must also be noticed a very clever pamphlet, entitled, "The Lord and the Jews," by Mr. Arthur Cohen; as well as a very excellent letter to the Earl of Derby, by the unflinching and able advocate of the Jewish claims, Mr. Alderman Salomons.

SOLITARY IMPRISONMENT IN FRANCE.

THE Minister of the Interior has issued a circular to the departments, ordering the discontinuance of solitary imprisonment, except in very special cases. M. LEON VIDAL, inspector-general of prisons, in a pamphlet recently published, has gone fully into the merits of the question of cellular imprisonment. He demonstrates that this system is condemned by a host of reasons of the highest order; in England, in America, as in France (where it has been practised in forty-six prisons), it produces no preventive advantages; criminality has increased every year in spite of its application. M. VIDAL contends that isolation does not render the condemned better. The bad man isolated becomes worse by irritation and reflection. Moreover the mode of visits which it is desired to organize with respect to him, is impossible and insufficient. There is, besides, no gradation in the penalties. They become equal; time alone renders them different. That is not what the penal code requires. The health of the prisoner is injured, and he is led to madness or suicide. At Mazas there have been twelve times more suicides than in the old common prison of La Force, with the same sort of population. Madness is also an epidemic in cellular prisons; the mind of the prisoner is without force; it receives with coolness the lessons of religion, and at the same time rebels against all instruction and apprenticeship. Besides, physical strength becomes deteriorated much quicker in cells deprived of air, in which it is difficult to unite the indispensable conditions of salubrity. Finally, the expense which the complete installation of the cellular régime would render necessary, would be exorbitant. The simple appropriation of the present Maisons Centrales would cost 50,000,000 francs, and the construction of 450 prisons in all France may be estimated at 125,000,000 francs, without counting the expense of the ground. Thus, says M. VIDAL, the theory of isolation sacrifices everything, humanity, religion, legality, justice, health, reason, and the existence of the pri-

soners, to a single desire, which is undoubtedly moral and charitable—the separation of the prisoners, to prevent the contagion of corruption, but which, in spite of the nobleness of the object, does not call for so many and such important sacrifices—the authority of M. LEON VIDAL on this important question is entitled to great consideration.—*Paris Cor. Courier and Enquirer.*

ANCIENT SONG OF THE COPENHAGEN WATCHMEN.

[Translated by Mr. ROBERT STEVENSON ELLIS, and published in "The Traveller's Hand-Book to Copenhagen and its Environs." The song still holds its place in the customs of the town. Its author was Thomas Kingo, Bishop of Fyen, in the 17th century, son of a poor damask weaver. A Psalm book of his composition remains in use at Christiania in Norway.]

EIGHT O'CLOCK.

When Day departs, and Darkness reigns on earth,
The scene reminds us of the gloomy grave!
Then let Thy light, O Lord, before us shine
While to the silent tomb our steps we bend,
And grant a blessed Immortality!

NINE O'CLOCK.

The Day glides by, and sable night appears—
For Jesus sake, O God, our sins forgive!
Preserve the Royal Family;
And guard the people which this land contains
From danger of the Enemy!

TEN O'CLOCK.

Master, maid, and boy, would you the hour know!
It is the time that you to rest should go—
Trust in the Lord with faith—and careful be
Of fire and light; for Ten o'clock has struck!

ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

Almighty God protects both great and small;
His holy angels guard us like a wall:
The Lord Himself our city watches o'er,
And keeps our bodies and our souls from harm.

TWELVE O'CLOCK.

At th' hour of midnight was our Saviour born—
Great blessing to a world which else were lost!
Then, with unfeigned lips, in prayer and praise
Commend yourselves to God.—Past Twelve o'clock!

ONE O'CLOCK.

O Jesu Christ, we pray Thee, send us help
To bear our Cross with patience in the world,
For Thou art God alone!
And Thou, O Comforter, Thine hand stretch forth:
Then will the burthen light and easy be!
The clock has stricken One!

TWO O'CLOCK.

O gracious Lord, whose love for us was such
That Thou shouldst deign in darkness to be born:
All glory's due to Thee!
Come, Holy Ghost, and pour into our hearts
Thy heav'nly light, that we may see Thee now
And in Eternity!

THREE O'CLOCK.

Black Night departs, and Day begins to dawn—
Keep them far off, O God, who wish us harm!
The clock has stricken Three!
Father, Thine aid we seek!—and of Thy grace
Give us abundantly!

FOUR O'CLOCK.

Eternal God! who wouldst the Keeper be
Of us who dwell below—

To Thee, surrounded by the Heavenly Host,
Honor and praise are due!
For this good night give thanks unto the Lord!
Remember "Four!"—we're summoned from
our guard.

FIVE O'CLOCK.

Jesu, Thou Morning Star! we now resign
To Thy protection, cheerfully, our King;
Be Thou his Sun and Shield!
And thou, bright Orb of Day, begin thy course,
And, rising from the Mercy-seat of God,
Thy radiant lustre yield!

THE JAPAN SQUADRON—THE BONIN ISLANDS.

[An extract from the "Rough Journal" of Commodore Perry, dated, Napa, Island of Loo Choo, June 26, 1853.—Published in the *Washington Union*.]

THE Bonin islands extend in a direction nearly north and south, between the latitudes of 26 deg. 30 min. and 27 deg. 45 min. north—the centre line of the group being in longitude about 142 deg. 15 min. east.

The islands are evidently volcanic, the internal fires being still at work, as Mr. Savory, the oldest surviving settler on the island, informed me that they experienced two or three tremblings of the earth every year.

The islands, headlands, and detached rocks, present the most grotesque forms, exhibiting the appearances of castles, towers, animals, and almost every hideous thing conceivable to the imagination.

I know of no part of the world which can offer greater interest to the researches of the geologist than these islands present.

Port Lloyd is situated on the western side, and nearly in the centre of Peel Island. It is easy of ingress and egress, and may be considered a safe and commodious harbor, though of deep anchorage, ships usually anchoring in from 18 to 22 fathoms.

The safest anchorage is to be found as high up the harbor as a ship can conveniently go, having regard to depth, and room for swinging and veering cable. Strangers can easily discover by examination the proper position to which they can warp their ships.

Wood and water can be obtained in abundance. The water is obtained from running streams, and is of good quality.

The few settlers still remaining on Peel island—the other islands being uninhabited—raise considerable quantities of sweet potatoes, Indian corn, onions, taro, and a few fruits, the most abundant of which are water-melons, bananas, and pine apples; a few pigs and some poultry are also raised. For these they find ready sale to the whale ships constantly touching at the port for water and other supplies. During the four days we were at anchor at Port Lloyd, three whalemen, two American and one English, communicated by means of their boats with the settlement, and carried away many supplies, procured generally in exchange for articles, of which ardent spirits are the most acceptable to many of the settlers.

Were it not for the scarcity of working hands, a much greater extent of land would be cultivated. At present there cannot be more than 150 acres under cultivation in the whole island, and this in detached spots, generally at the seaward termination of ravines furnishing fresh water, or upon plateaus of land near the harbor.

The soil is of excellent quality for cultivation, very much resembling that of Madeira and the Canary Islands (the latter being in the same parallel of latitude), and con-

sequently is admirably adapted for the cultivation of the vine, and of wheat, tobacco, sugar-cane, and many other valuable plants. Of sugar and tobacco the settlers already cultivate enough for their own consumption.

Timber for building purposes is rather scarce, and would soon be exhausted if any increase of population were to call for the erection of many buildings. The best kinds are the tamana and the wild mulberry. The former is similar to the red wood of Brazil and Mexico, and is very enduring.

I caused the island to be thoroughly explored by two parties of officers, and their reports will be duly filed with other similar papers. The masters of this ship and the *Saratoga* also surveyed the harbor.

The scarcity of sea and land birds has been noticed by every one as singular, not more than five or six varieties of land birds having been seen.

Of quadrupeds we may enumerate hogs, goats, deer, bullocks, and sheep, with any number of cats and dogs.

The harbor of Port Lloyd and the neighboring water abound with excellent fish, which may be taken with the hook or seine, though the places for hauling the seine are few, owing to the coral which in many parts lines the shores.

Of edible shell-fish there are none, that I could learn, excepting the chama gigas (tridacne), which must be very tough and indigestible.

The waters of the Bonin islands furnish abundance of crawfish, as also green turtle, of which we obtained a good supply.

According to Kempfer, these islands were known to the Japanese as early as 1675, and they described them under the name of Bune Sima, and as abounding with fish and crabs, some of which were from four to six feet long. From the description of the crabs, I am led to believe that they mistook the enormous green turtle, which are so common here, for crabs. Other accounts give a much earlier date for the discovery of these islands by the Japanese.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 1853.

GENTLEMEN:—

At the September meeting of the Philosophical Society, Robley Dunglison, M.D., in the chair, Dr. Boyé stated that on his return voyage from England, Sept. 23, 1853, at 9 o'clock in the evening, Lat. 46° 30', Long-Cape Race, Newfoundland, he saw an aurora borealis, whose point of radiance was remarkably well defined and surrounded with light. The radiant point was in the southern hemisphere, 15° or 20° below the zenith, and rather in the magnetic meridian. There were three arches of light, one north-west, one east of north, and one, much larger, in the south. That in the north-west was undulating. The radiant space was not a point, but an oval space. The appearance of the radiance recalled to the mind of Dr. Boyé certain phenomena of crystallization.

It was remarked that a somewhat similar auroral phenomenon was witnessed here on the same evening.

At a late meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Dr. Le Conte made some remarks on the specimens of Scalops in the collection of the Academy, and pointed out the want of uniformity in the generic characters separating that genus from Talpa.

In many of our species the number of the teeth is the same as in *Talpa europæa*, the only difference being in the size of the first and fourth teeth; the latter of which is much elongated in the European mole, while in ours, it is either of the same size, or scarcely perceptibly larger than the adjacent teeth.

In *Scalops aquaticus* alone does the dentition show any decided modification; the teeth are here only 36 in number; their form and situation are already well known, and are described in all systematic works; the anterior upper tooth is enlarged, as in the other American moles, but to a still greater extent. The hind feet are also webbed, almost to the root of the nail, while in the others, the toes are separated as in *Talpa*.

The form of the snout is also mentioned among the generic differences. In *Talpa* the snout is broad and depressed, and the nostrils are terminal. In *Scalops aquaticus*, the snout is moderately depressed, and the nostrils superior. In *Scalops townsendii* and *Scalops*, the snout is much elongated, slender, and the nostrils are superior. In *Scalops breweri*, the snout has the same slender form as in the two last mentioned, but the nostrils are entirely lateral.

In view of the unsatisfactory nature of these differences, Dr. Le Conte believes that it is better to suppress the genus *Scalops*, and place all the species under *Talpa*, than still farther to subdivide the group into genera. He proposes to divide *Talpa* into three groups.

Mr. Charles Girard submitted descriptions of new Nemertean and Planarian from the coast of the Carolinas. The species are all marine; the number thus added to the American Fauna amounts to nine, four of which are new to science, and two new to America.

Professor Spencer F. Baird and Mr. Girard have furnished descriptions of new fishes from the river Zuni in New Mexico. They belong to the Cyprinoid family and constitute a new genus, which they propose to call *Gila*. They also described new species collected by Captain Marcy and George B. McClellan, in Arkansas.

Mr. John Cassin among the Birds, which is his specialty, has described four new species of Hirundinidae, and five of Psittacidae, specimens of which are in the Academy's collection.

The following interesting communication was received from Professor Agassiz: "The specimen of *Cambarus Gambellii*, lent to me by the Academy for comparison, has afforded most unexpected information. Why that species should have been referred to the genus *Cambarus* by Mr. Girard, who first described it, I am at a loss to ascertain, unless it be because it inhabits the United States, Erichson having ascertained that there are Crawfishes with six, and others with five pair of gills, and that the species with five pair of gills, for which he proposes the name of *Cambarus*, live in the United States. As soon as I learned that our zealous and lamented friend, Dr. Gambel, had left specimens of Crawfishes from the far west, my interest was aroused to the utmost, as I wanted to know whether the western range of this continent would present among these animals the same difference from those of the eastern, and the same agreement with those of the western parts in the old world, as have already been observed in their physi-

cal features, and in the geographical distribution of other beings. My anticipation was fully justified. *Cambarus Gambellii*, Gir., is no *Cambarus*, though it lives in America. It has six pair of gills, as the Crawfishes of Europe, adding another instance of the remarkable correspondence of the eastern and western tracts of different countries, when compared with their homonyms, and of their striking difference when opposite shores are contrasted."

Mr. Girard, referring to the above communication, remarked, that previous to the publication of his "Revision of the North American Astaci," &c., he was well acquainted with the fact, that the genus *Astacus* proper, as now understood by Professor A., was represented in North America. He further knew that this fact was demonstrated by Professor J. V. Dana, in a paper published pp. 10-28, of vol. vi. of the Proceedings of the Academy, and that consequently Professor Agassiz had no claim upon that discovery.

As to the circumstance that *Cambarus Gambellii* may be referred to *Astacus*, on the ground of having eighteen branchiæ instead of seventeen, Mr. G. said he was not satisfied that this fact was of a generic value, and consequently described the species as a *Cambarus*, with the same propriety as he might have placed it in the genus *Astacus*.

Mr. Girard's observations upon the American species of the genus *Esox* were quite interesting. It appears the genus is represented in North America by a large number of species, commonly called "Pikes" or "Pickerels" without any discrimination. There are two groups of species in the genus based upon an organic difference. In one, the cheeks and opercular apparatus are naked and smooth, as in the maskallonge, in the pike of Lake Superior, and others; these it is proposed to call *Pikes*. In the others, the cheeks and opercular apparatus are covered with scales—it is thought they should be called *Pickerels*.

The organic difference pointed out, corresponds to a curious fact in their geographical distribution; the *Pikes* being confined to the great Lakes and western waters generally, whilst the *Pickerels* occur in such ponds and rivers whose waters empty into the Atlantic.

A Pike has been introduced into the Connecticut river, and the fact that it has multiplied there, is no objection to this general law of their distribution.

A Pickerel is said to occur in the Ohio river, but Mr. Girard has not seen any specimen. Should there be one, it would be an exception to the general rule.

At the September meeting of the Historical Society, Hon. Geo. Sharswood in the chair, an interesting communication from Captain John Shreve was read. Mr. Shreve was born in New Jersey, and now lives, at the ripe old age of 91, near Salem, Ohio. He was in the continental army during a great part of the revolutionary war, and the account of his services is quite interesting. He was ordered with a detachment of men to watch the Vulture, and saw Arnold go on board—he also saw Andre hung. The colonel of the regiment was the father of Mr. Shreve, and one of the solid men of the times, as appears by the following: "In the year 1781, my father being very fleshy, weighing three hundred and twenty pounds, he could not get a horse that could carry his

weight faster than a walk, and he retired from the army on half pay."

Mr. Tyson presided at the October meeting, at which there was an interesting discussion, in which Mr. Trego and others participated, concerning the fact that Dr. John Ewing first suggested to the Philosophical Society the importance of making observations on the transit of Venus over the sun's disc, which occurred June 3d, 1769. The Colonial Assembly appropriated the sum of five hundred pounds, and placed it at the disposal of the Society, for the purchase of instruments. Three Committees were appointed, who made observations at Philadelphia, at Norriton, and at a temporary observatory near Cape Henlopen. The results of these observations were published in the first volume of the Society's Transactions.—The departure for England of Mr. Granville John Penn, great grandson of the founder of Pennsylvania, was announced, and the fact entered upon the minutes. Among the donations received were vol. 5 of the "Historical Collections of Louisiana," by Mr. B. F. French; and an elegantly bound MS. copy of the work, entitled "Literature of American History," compiled by Mr. Herman E. Ludewig of New York, and presented by him. The committee on the annual celebration reported, that the oration would be delivered at the Proprietary town of Reading, on 8th November, by Mr. Charles Jared Ingersoll, and that the members would dine at that place.

The improved taste of folk is in no way better evinced, than by the success which C. J. Price & Co., No. 7 Hart's Building, Sixth and Chestnut streets, have had in the sale of Baxter's Prints in oil colors. Copies of the great master pieces of the world, reduced in size it is true, but faithful beyond any thing we have yet had—for in their exquisite delicacy of finish there has been lost no particle of strength—these pictures are entirely satisfactory and desirable. They serve as well for the scrapbook as for framing. It is perhaps not too much to predict, that they will exercise an influence on the taste of the masses, nearly or quite as beneficial as that of the American Art Union. Besides the copies of famous paintings, there are groups of statuary from the great exhibition; here seen better than in engravings, for the pedestals and background are in the rich colors which so admirably displayed them in London. There are in all about one hundred different subjects—every one good. Their popularity may be judged of from the fact, that of one alone more than four hundred thousand copies have been sold.

Having thus disposed of science, literature, and the fine arts, I pray you, gentlemen, recline easy in your chairs, and put business aside, for it is night; and prepare to laugh, for I have an anecdote to tell of that rare man, Dr. Breckenridge, who does much to elevate the character of Jefferson College, Cannonsburg, in the western part of this state, of which he is President. Well, it so happened that two of the students there wanted a little sport with their guns; so they put in the usual plea of a desire to go blackberrying, and obtained leave of absence for a day. At it they went, but found no game—college boys never do—and feeling the necessity of having something for a feast that night, they shot a goose, and buried it under some leaves at the root of a tree, that they might get it after dark. There is an-

other thing about college boys; when they do any thing, there is always some fellow, with a bad digestion, happens to see them. So it was, the owner of the goose saw them; and in a sneaking manner, next day informed upon them. They were summoned before the faculty, and the dyspeptic Professor of Mathematics, an angular man, said with an ill concealed sneer, "So, gentlemen, you have been blackberrying, eh!" "Oh no!" replied one of them, "we were *goose-burying*." "You may leave, young gentlemen," said Dr. Breckenridge, "I want to laugh."

LOGAN.

MISCELLANY AND GOSSIP.

— It is rumored that Frederick Cooper, Esq., who was appointed by the British Museum to assist Layard in his Nineveh excavations, and whose sketches are now attracting so much attention in that institution, is about to come to the United States, for the purpose of delivering a course of lectures on the future and present condition of Nineveh. He will illustrate the ruins as they were found, people, country, &c., &c., by duplicates of the drawings, taken by himself, now in the British Museum. His lectures will, no doubt, prove a treat for antiquarians, and those who love the study of sacred history.

— Hoboken is closely associated in our minds with Indians, ever since we saw certain members of the Pottawotomie tribe (we think it was) sunning themselves, a number of years ago, upon a roof near the Ferry, with feathers in their hair. The Indians have gone away—civilization has advanced—the feather has been made into a pen, and we have the *Hoboken Gazette*, edited by T. W. Whitley, in somewhat of the trenchant style of the old Red men. He proposes, in the same spirit, to exterminate local vermin, to raise the war-whoop over the abuses of the neighborhood, and to scalp wrong-doers generally. So far he has done his work vigorously; and should Hoboken grow as American towns are accustomed to, he may yet have his *blanket sheet* to wrap himself in, where the ancient sachems once strode about in forest dignity.

— Of interest to the "surviving" friends of Lord Bacon:—

"The site of Old Verulam (says the *Herts Guardian*), which was recently purchased by the Freehold Land Society, is now again in the market. The historical associations attaching to the place are of more than ordinary interest; the remains of the old Roman walls are very extensive, and, where best preserved, a secluded footpath runs along by the side of them. There is a fine view of the abbey and town of St. Alban's, from the spot where once the old city stood, at something less than half a mile's distance, the river Ver flowing along the valley between. The destruction of the still remaining portions of the walls would be a national disgrace, and it is to be hoped, that whoever may become the purchaser will take care that these interesting relics are strictly preserved. Indeed, at no great expense, the walls, which are now in many places covered with earth, might be restored to the light of day, and made to possess additional attractions for the locality. The ground where once stood Verulam offers tempting opportunities for exploring antiquaries (not many years since the amphitheatre was discovered, but is now filled up), and those who prosecuted a search with care and diligence would be amply rewarded for their trouble. Speaking of the site,

Camden says, 'The situation of this place is well known to have been close to the town of St. Alban's. Nor hath it yet lost its ancient name, for it is still commonly called Verulam; although nothing of that remains besides ruins of walls, checkered pavements, and Roman coins, which they now dig up; and Aubrey states, 'Within the boundary of the walls of this old city of Verulam was Verulam-house (the seat of Lord Bacon), about half-a-mile from St. Alban's, which his Lordship built, the most ingeniously contrived little pile that ever I saw.' * * * "This magnanimous Lord Chancellor had a great mind to have made it (Verulam) a city again, and he had designed it to be built with great uniformity." We fear there are no enterprising capitalists in the present day willing to restore the city of Verulam, but, whoever becomes the possessor, we fervently trust that the place will fall into worthy hands—into the care and keeping of those who will consider it both a personal and a national duty to preserve the lingering remains of Verulam from destruction, and who will zealously and carefully guard the relics which time has left of a place noted when the all-conquering Romans held sway in Britain."

— To sportsmen:—

"The late Colonel Hawker.—This gallant officer and world-renowned sportsman died on the 7th instant, in the 67th year of his age, at his residence in Dorset-place, after a painful and protracted illness. Few men ever enjoyed a higher reputation in the sporting world than the recently-departed veteran, who, after serving in the Peninsular war with the utmost distinction, on his return to this country produced his well-known work, entitled, 'Instructions to Young Sportsmen in all that relates to Guns and Shooting.' This book had prodigious success, the tenth edition being nearly ready for the press at the time of his decease. To the Colonel also the public is much indebted for many valuable inventions and improvements in guns, several samples of which he sent to the great Exhibition of 1851, and which he entertained the most sanguine hopes would have been adopted by Government, they being equally suited to military purposes as to the enhancement of the pleasures of the field. At the time of his death he was Lieutenant-Colonel of the North Hants Militia."

— Some time since, Messrs. Didot & Co. announced the publication of a philological work on the French language in its relations with the Sanscrit, in which the whole anatomy of the European languages was to be laid bare. Two numbers of this work are now before the public, and are exciting much attention among the learned bodies throughout the continent. That etymology is a science, as much as chemistry, or any other branch of natural philosophy, the works of the German philologists have placed beyond question, and a perusal of M. Delatre's work will contribute to remove any doubt that might remain on the subject, so precise and well-defined is the exposition of its laws. Some of the etymologies may, at first sight, appear rather startling, but by following up what at first seems dubious, the reader is enabled to trace the word from its present form to its next of kin; which sometimes, though rarely, happens to be English or Italian; then its genealogical tree is descended, and passing through the old German, Latin, Greek, the Slave dialects, we arrive at its root, the Sanscrit. The numberless anomalies in the spelling of the French and English languages are shown by M. Delatre to be nothing but the result of their regular modifications in strict conformity with the clearly-defined canons of etymology.

— The Paris correspondent of the *Na-*

tional Intelligencer, in his last letter, treats us to these literary particulars:—

"Lamartine, the Michael Angelo of literature—poet, historian, and statesman—the *so-disant* 'lightning rod' of 1848, but who was himself, with the republic he pretended to protect, struck down by the bolt of power, is more fortunate than most of his compeers of the Provisional Government, living in Paris undisturbed, beneath the shade of the imperial eagle's wing, the life of literary ease, elegance, and labor that he should never have quitted. His Eastern Pachaïek, near Smyrna, the magnificent gift of his friend the Sultan, which, as I duly reported a year or two ago, he 'faithfully promised' to go and personally and permanently occupy, so soon as he could be spared from France, has been finally and utterly abandoned by him. Doubtless, the Emperor has privately informed him that France still needs its famous lightning rod; or, perhaps he found upon inspection of the premises that there were not a sufficient number of tails appurtenant to the pachaïek for the contentment of the caudal ambition of so distinguished a French pacha. Be this as it may, the negotiations that were commenced with a company of English and Belgian capitalists for the purchase of M. de Lamartine's Eastern property were suddenly broken off, and they with whom he was treating insinuate that his hands are not as clean as they were before. Simultaneous with the rupture was an offer on the part of the Turkish Government to purchase back the grant from M. de L. in consideration of an annual pension of 80,000 piastres (\$3,441), which the Sultan undertook to pay him for the space of twenty-three years. This offer was accepted. The pension has been regularly paid. We have quite recently seen a note of M. de Lamartine, complimenting the Porte upon the punctuality of his payments, notwithstanding its known financial embarrassments, so grievously augmented by the exigencies of the actual difficulties with Russia. But the illustrious inebriate pacha is, and rightly enough, so doubtful of the continuance of his Eastern subvention during the whole term of twenty-three years (for who believes that the Ottoman Empire itself will be in existence a quarter of a century hence!) that he is improving the leisure left him by the advent of the empire in literary occupation. He is publishing in the *Siecle* the 'Constituents of 1789;' and I see that a new work of his, 'The History of the Medicis,' has been sold in advance (for it is not yet written) to two of the Governmental journals of Paris for the round sum of 150,000 francs (\$25,050). It is to consist of four octavo volumes of 400 pages each. Another great name in French literature has just come out also in connexion with the two celebrated lovers of the twelfth century, Abelard and Heloise. We see upon the booksellers' stands a new work with the following title: 'An Historical Essay upon the Life and Writings of Abelard and Heloise, up to the Council of Sens, by M. de Guizot, continued up to the death of Abelard and Heloise, by Mr. Guizot.'

"But the new work, which will possess the most lively interest for French readers, which will be read by hundreds while the others shall be read by tens, and which will doubtless be one of the most rare, entertaining, and instructive books of the day, is the *Memoires* of M. Veron; the famous Docteur Veron, physician, ex-journalist, ex-manager of the opera, ex-owner of the Constitutionnel, ex-politician, ex-man of the world, ex-everything that he has ever been except *bon vivant*, which he will never cease to be till he becomes ex-Veron. He is, *sui generis*, one of the most remarkable and *spirituel* men of his day. I have often had occasion to allude to him in my correspondence in connexion with French poli-

ties, until his overweening presumption compelled Napoleon III., to whose rise Veron, in his journal, had contributed as efficiently as any man in France, to strike him, at one blow, into his present insignificance. He promises to the world most amusing details upon men and things, which have come to his knowledge in the course of his varied and active career. He is, however, a man of too much tact, notwithstanding his ineffable vanity, to commit himself by telling half what he knows touching the men, and especially the man, in power at present. A good deal will therefore be reserved to improve and augment a future edition of his work, to be published some years hence, when it will be more safe than it is now to twit, as he only can twit, certain personages who to-day will only appear in the distance, but who, in the complete edition, will figure prominently in the front ground. There has not been a prominent man or woman in politics, literature, science, or art, from Guizot to Rachel, for the last thirty years, of whom the *docteur* will not have something piquant to recount. Eugene Sue and Alexander Dumas are satisfying, at the rate of two volumes per week, in the *feuilletons* of the journals of Paris, the morbid tastes of the thousands of readers who so avidly seek their detestable trash. The prolific brain of Dumas has just produced a new theatrical piece entitled *La Jeunesse de Louis XIV.*, which is about being brought out with much *éclat* at the Theatre Français. The play contains thirty characters, and does, it is said, depict in most vivid and truthful colors the splendors and luxury, the intrigues and vices of that brilliant and corrupt Court."

— Hook was once observed, during dinner, nodding like a Chinese mandarin in a tea-shop. On being asked the reason, he replied, "Why, when no one else asks me to take champagne, I take sherry with the *epergne*, and bow to the flowers."

— Among the Caffres, agriculture is considered to be a kind of labor unworthy of a warrior, and is therefore left entirely to the women. When they first saw a plough at work, they gazed at it for a time in astonished and delighted silence; at last, one of them gave utterance to his feelings in this exclamation: "See how the thing tears the ground with his mouth! It is of more value than five wives!"

— Poets in France get splendid perquisites in the shape of presents. Béranger receives every week more sugar, more coffee, more pots of jelly, than would stock a grocer's shop; he gets the rarest fruits and the best game; casks of wine and cases of brandy arrive at his house daily, "whilst," says the Paris correspondent of the *Literary Gazette*, "more night-caps and more socks are knitted for him than a regiment of soldiers could wear out in a year."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We learn, through the well-informed New York Correspondent of the *Boston Post*, that Mr. John Savage has now in press a volume of poems, which may be expected to appear before next Christmas; in metaphysical subtlety and brilliant rhythm they are not unlike to Poe's—a warmer spirit animates them, but they lack the elaborate polish and condensed emphasis which distinguish the author of the "Raven." The compliment is apropos to a mention of the late Edgar A. Poe in a foreign journal; and it was Mr. S., we believe, who published in a number of the *Democratic Review*, for 1850, an able and appreciative view of Mr. Poe's writings. His own volume will, we have no doubt, confirm the opinion above expressed.

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(Signed) R. W. KIRKUS.

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